

Good 674 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Late Night Report for A.B. Derek Rogers

HERE'S a message from 2, Spurley Hey Grove, Spink Hall Estate, Sheffield, on top of a hill, for A.B. Derek Rogers.

You will be pleased to know, Derek, that father is now better and quite happy in his new job.

The evening before we called Dinah got everybody worried because she stayed out late. But she turned up just after midnight. . . . There were signs of relief all round. Well, we suppose dogs will be dogs!

Your Grannie fell out of bed the other day and unfortunately broke her shoulder blade. She was rushed off to the Royal Hospital and is now back on the road to recovery. She is a fine old lady for her age.

Do you cheer up (or otherwise!) the boys with your old

sax? Mother said you certainly knew how to blow the right notes out of it.

Kenneth wants you to know that they are flattening the hill down for your next leave.

Your girl friend, Margaret, stayed at your home one week-end, and because she was not wearing her smart A.T.S. uniform, your two-year-old sister, Ann, said, "Go home and put your best suit on." Ann told us that she is going to be a bridesmaid at your wedding. That'll be the day!

Auntie Peggy and Uncle Jim are waiting for a reply to their last letter. They have now finished building the garage.

Everybody is keeping well at home Derek, and send their love to you. Keep cracking, sailor!

AUTOGRAPHS? THEY'RE THE BANE OF MY LIFE!

Says Jack Greenall—But don't take him too seriously

IF there's one thing in my life that, sure as Christmas, is going to land me in the looney bin, that thing is an autograph book!

Now autograph books are all right in their way, but the darned trouble is, they always seem to be in mine! Infants of tender years going nuts over them I can understand, but mature folk, no!

For instance, I'm invited to a party. Misguided bloke that I am, I go. My hostess then starts a nightmare tour of introductions: "Mr. Greenall, meet Miss Take!" I gaze at a yellow-haired tough, and mutter, "Charmed!" lying in my teeth. "Mr. Greenall draws for the papers, you know" Then adds my tormentor, basking in my sunshine.

"Really!" giggles the yellow-haired tough, gazing at me as though I was something not of this world. "Oh, do be a darling, and put something in my autograph book." So, as the introductions pile up, so do the wretched autograph books, till I seem to be floundering in a sea of 'em.

Who in the name of high Heaven, invented the cussed things? and for Pete's sake, why? Had some fiend a horrible grudge against all who draw to live, or was the creature just plain daft?

If it was a question of getting a specimen of my shocking back-hand that was wanted, I wouldn't give a cuss, but no! they all want me to draw in their fat-headed books!

"Oh! Please, Mr. Greenall," they weedle, "please, if only a small one." Blimey! what in the name of the ten-toed tiger of Timbuctoo do they expect, a ruddy six-foot poster?

Take the books themselves (I wish some kind soul would, and rend 'em to the four winds of Heaven!), take the books themselves, I repeat, all shapes and sizes. Some so large, you wonder how the owners struggle with 'em through the

front door! Others so small, you've gotta consult an optician when you're through drawing a sketch in 'em!

Then one finds the books have tried to out-rival the spectrum in the variety of colours they display!

If I'm condemned for life to draw in these blessed books, I do like to make my effort on pure white paper. But can I ever find one? Not on your bacon ration!

Turning the pages in my search for white, lemon yellow hits the eye, followed by bilious greens, soppy pinks, insipid blue and dazzling reds! But a nice plain sheet, Nix! Not a sausage!

The first white sheet I come across, has a perfectly good postage stamp stuck bang in the centre of it, an inscription below telling the world at large, that "By Gum! it's stuck!" See? No originality, 1066 and all that!

Plodding steadily on, (we cartoonists are sticklers), another specimen of autograph wit and humour pops up, obviously done by some half-wit with straws in his hair! This looney, I find, has drawn four or five lines, crooked, and called his masterpiece, "A few lines from a Spring Poet!" Cor! the mind just reels;

Digging further into this whirlpool of wit, more melancholy specimens of this bilge crops up. A large blue oval swings into view, stuck in the corner of a much-thumbed page, this I learn to my amazement, is "A Lonely Spot," while a few pages on, is drawn an object, which after twisting the book upside down, sideways, and from all angles, I discover to my surprise, to be a cuff-link, and the artist of this object tells all and sundry, whether they like it or not, that in the owner of the book's friendship he wishes to be considered a link!

Eventually, still fumbling for the elusive white sheet, by now practically a spent force, I arrive at the bitter end, to find on the last page, some escaped inmate has scribbled, by the aid of what seems, from the appearance of the job, the branch of a tree dipped in tar. This aggressive proclamation, "By Hook or by Crook I'll be the last in this Book!"

I mean to say, one wonders why, what damn good has it done the idiot?—and who cares anyway?

Then, after much squinting, to cap it all, as a sort of Grand Finale, as though all that has gone before is not enough to warrant one tearing the blithering book to shreds, tucked away in a corner of the same page, in writing, so microscopic, another looney, probably developing myopia in the attempt, has added, "Don't be too sure, there's room for one more!"—One just claws the air!

Why, by my sainted aunt, are these autograph hunters glutted for such punishment? Why torture themselves with such drivel? And what do they do with these wretched books when they're full up? Don't tell me they start on a new one, or I'll drop dead in my tracks!

When at long last, abandon-

goes the owner with a muttered "Thanks," wearing the look of a Christian martyr who feels the flames beginning to engulf him!

Now, I ask all autograph book owners, is this sort of thing fair to harassed cartoonists? Is it jannock? After all the poor devil wants some respite from his labours sometime.

Even drawing can pall, when one constantly eats, sleeps and drinks with it. I mean, you'll agree, one can have too much of a good thing.

For instance, would you, on receiving Bing Crosby's autograph, expect a heart-rending version of "Moonlight becomes you"? Or after badgering Harry Roy for his, think yourself hard done-by if he refused to oblige with a "hot" clarinet solo in boogie woogie tempo? Of course you wouldn't!

Then there arises the question of what the Hades to draw in the bally book? "Oh, anything will do," the hunter says. "Just draw anything!"

When, after offering several suggestions, a suitable subject is decided on, and patiently drawn, despite fluff and all, the hunter remarks, "Really! I never thought it would take you so long! I thought you chaps just dashed 'em off!" gazing on you now, your glamour gone, as a fallen God with feet of clay!

Just try and dash off, say, a cartoon involving a locomotive, and the working staff of the Southern Railway would rise in a body. "Call that a locomotive?" or "Really, chum, trying to foist a dust-bin on wheels on to us?"

See what I mean? Now, may I, as a last word, ask all autograph hunters to give us, who draw to live, a break, that is unless, to my horror I'm beginning to suspect, the whole fiendish idea in the first place, behind these dashed autograph books, is to send poor devils like me, stark, staring, raving CUCKOO!



"Stop moanin'! Blimey! At least we're safe!"

HE TOSSED THE BULL

CLIFF ATTENBORROW, ex-Guardsman, who became a notable wrestler, once did what no other man ever has been known to do. He tossed a bull that was trying to toss him.

Attenborrow stood six feet in his socks and was enormously strong. He was in Spain fulfilling a wrestling engagement when he was approached by a Castilian to take up bull-fighting and become a toreador. He agreed.

When the audience arrived at the arena they expected to see Attenborrow killed. He nearly was. During the movements of "playing" the bull he slipped. The bull charged.

Attenborrow arched his back in what is called the "wrestler's bridge." He gripped the bull by the horns, and after a tussle he tossed the bull on its back!

But the audience thought it was not fair to the bull, and Attenborrow was pelted with missiles and had to be guarded from the arena. That was his last effort at bull-fighting.

Here is Club News for A.B. Roy Townsend

RECOGNISE the bar, A.B. Roy Townsend? Your Mother was spring cleaning when we arrived at the Tailors' Club, 71, Little Horton Lane, Bradford, Yorks, but she found time to drink a toast to your health with dad. He, besides

drinking your health, was drowning his sorrows—having just backed five losers!

As you see, your old pal, Harry Nicks, the vice-president of the club, is having a pint for you as well. He's broken his arm, by falling off a Lancaster whilst marking an identification mark on it. But he can still manage to hold a glass!

All your family are getting along fine. Your brother-in-law, Tom is in Germany. Geoff is in British North Africa.

The club is still flourishing, and there are crowds in every night. You'll be very interested to hear, your Mum and Dad say, that they've just started League games at dominoes, whist, and billiards, and are doing very well.

You'll be pleased to know, also, that your pal Jack Taylor, who was very ill the last time you saw him, is now better, and at the top of his form in the games.

Along with the family round the bar was a prisoner-of-war just back from Germany. He is Cpl Tom Whitely, and he has just completed his 21st year in the Army. He doesn't know you, but he sends his good wishes along with those of everybody else. . . and we'll sign off wishing you Good Luck!



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

TEA FOR TWO-AND BOWIE KNIVES

SECOND PART OF THE "ROCK SCORPIONS"

BY four o'clock the vessel was well into Portuguese waters, and Hindhaugh was prepared to defy any quantity of Spanish coast-guards. When the sun had dipped low the Scorpion-in-chief came aft and pointed mysteriously to the north-east.

"You've been look where I point myself. Feluccas! You've follow them in and drop anchor."

Hindhaugh smiled. "Do you think you're talking to a fool? Come you below there, and let me have that other money sharp."

"Ah, Capeetan, wait till agent's man come with felucca. I've been have no money myself."

Hindhaugh was not a person to be trifled with. He quietly took out his revolver. "Now, do you see that pretty

thing? First shot for you. Look at that block forrad, and see how much chance you'll have if I fire at you." The pop of the revolver sounded, and then Hindhaugh went forward, pulling the Scorpion with him.

"Do you see that hole, you image? How would you like if that was your gizzard? Now, no games, my joker."

The Scorpion begged for time, and Hindhaugh was so sure of his man that he made no further objection. He had another conference with Jack, and, to that worthy man's great delight, he expressed certain forebodings.

"We're going to have a fight over this job," said the skipper. "I'm dead sure of it. Go down and load the two muskets and give them to the safest men. When the lighters do come, borrow the fireman's iron rods."

I've lent the steward my bowie that I got at Charleston, and you can try and hold that old bulldog straight. We mustn't show the least sign of funk."

Then Hindhaugh and his brother called for tea, and fed solidly.

The Scorpion whispered down the companion. "They've been com," and the captain went on deck. Two large felucca-rigged lighters hove up slowly through the dusk, and the chief Scorpion's signal was answered. Hindhaugh saw both lighters draw near, he felt the usual scraping bump, and then he heard a sudden thunder of many feet.

The second mate sung out, "Here's half a hundred of these devils, sir. They're all armed to the teeth."

And sure enough, a set of ferocious-looking rapscallions had boarded the steamer. They looked like low-class Irishmen browned with walnut juice. Each man had a heavy array of pistols in his sash, and all of them carried ugly knives.

The Scorpion waded to the gang, and they arranged themselves around the pile of bales that stuck out through the after-hatch. Hindhaugh had fully discounted all the chances, and had made up his mind to one thing: he wouldn't be "done."

The Scorpion imperiously observed. "Come below, Capeetan," and Hindhaugh went. Then the defiant native of the Rock put his back against the cabin door, heaved out his chest in a manly way, and said, "Now, Capeetan, you no have more money. You speak much

and I've been get your throat cut myself."

"You've got no money?"

"No; not a damn dollar."

"You won't keep to your bargain?"

"No; you come 'shore for your money if you want him."

Hindhaugh made up his mind in a flash. In spite of his habit of wearing a frock-coat and tall hat, he was more than half a pirate, and he would have ruffled it, like his red-bearded ancestors, had fighting been still the usual employment of Norsemen.

He marked his man's throat, and saw that the insolent hands could not get at a knife quickly.

Then he sprang at the Scorpion, gripped him by the windpipe, and swung him down. The fellow gurgled, but he couldn't cry out. Hindhaugh called the steward, and that functionary came out of his den with the long bowie.

"Sit on him," said the captain. "If he stirs, cut his throat. Now, you, if you move a finger you're done." The steward straddled across the Scorpion and held the knife up in a sarcastic way.

Hindhaugh went swiftly on deck and stepped right among the jabbering Spaniards.

He smiled as though nothing had happened, but when he saw one man lay hold of a bale he pulled him back. "Tell them I'll shoot the first man that tries to lift a bale till I'm ready."

This message brought on a torrent of talk, which gave the captain time. He whispered to Jack. "Sneak you round

through the engine-room. That lighter's made fast forrad; the second one's fast here. Get a hatchet from the carpenter and set him alongside of the second rope. When I whistle twice, both of you nick the ropes, and

we'll jink these swindling swine."

The engineers also received orders to go full speed ahead on the instant that the whistle sounded.

Hindhaugh kept up his air of good-humour, although the full sense of the risk he ran was in his mind. His threat of shooting had made the Spaniards suspicious, although they were used to big talk of the kind. One peep into the cabin would have brought on a collision, and although the Englishmen might have fought, there was nothing to gain by a fight.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. An erg is a Post Office rubber stamp, insect, fabulous bird, unit of energy?
2. How many gallons are there in a firkin of beer?
3. Which is heavier, lead or gold?
4. In what country is the pice a coin?

5. What common edible fungus is sometimes called a wolf's-fist?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 81, 54, 27, 72, 24, 36.

Answers to Quiz in No. 673

1. Sailing vessel.
2. The kelvin, or kilowatt-hour.
3. China.
4. Steel.
5. Sculptor.
6. Chimborazo is a mountain; others are rivers.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

"SHOULD documentary films be the real thing or studio products?" is a problem which was recently discussed by film director Anthony Asquith.

Asquith says the main problem is one of "real" actors or real people, and he is in favour of the professional actor. He instances one of his own films, "We Dive at Dawn," and in particular John Mills' performance in the attack sequence.

"He had a long solo," says Asquith, "which consisted of nothing but a string of technical orders, quite unintelligible to the layman. Indeed, neither he nor I ever acquired anything but the vaguest notion of what they meant. The situation, of course, was a dramatic one, but, on paper, the speech, which had not one personal touch in it, looked a very grim prospect for the actor."

"On the screen, however, it was not only—so I am assured by experts—technically correct, but very exciting. And I think what made it exciting was the imaginative way in which Mills drew the picture of a man whose brain has, so to speak, to be in two places at once. That is to say, he has to issue orders which apply to the moment while his mind is already concentrated on the next move."

"In my opinion, he conveyed this in a way which no real submarine captain could hope to do unless he was also a superb actor."



PLANS for the transformation of Fareham from a market town into a pleasure resort have been outlined by Mrs. F. Dyke, J.P., chairman of the local council.

More houses, a civic centre, a maternity home, a public library, and boating and swimming pools are visualised by Mrs. Dyke.

Around the Mill Pond at Cams Hill, Mrs. Dyke plans a children's paddling pool, a boating lake, a swimming pool, a miniature golf links and tennis courts, surrounded by ornamental gardens.

I must get around Fareham way again in a few years' time!

"Darling, here is a magnificent diamond as my wedding present to you."

"But, darling, you promised me a yacht."

"I know, dearest, but I couldn't get hold of an imitation yacht."

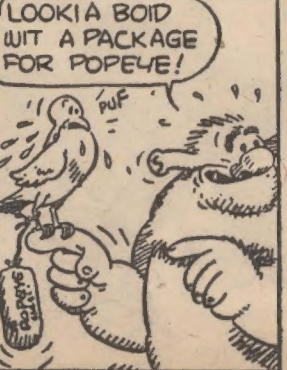
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



LAUGH WITH JACK GREENALL



Wangling Words No. 613

- 1. Behead a request and get a contract.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make a sentence of: anyenutterandurur-and-keistakes.
- 3. What common word has RDRO for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: It costs a lot to run a house, and it's no good shedding — over the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 612

- 1. S-tiff.
- 2. The Council accused the Court of cancelling charges.
- 3. TerMINus, eRMINE.
- 4. Bread, beard.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE ROCK SCORPIONS

(Continued from Page 2)

Everything depended on swiftness of action, and Hindhaugh determined grimly that if rapidly could do anything he would teach the "furriners" a lesson for trying to swindle him.

He said, very politely, "We're all ready now. You get your men aboard the lighters, and we'll soon rush your cargo over the side." This was transmitted to the smugglers, and immediately they swarmed aboard their own boats. They had rather expected a quarrel, and this pacific solution pleased them. As Jack afterward said, "They blethered like a lot o' wild geese."

All the foreigners were gone but three. Hindhaugh stepped quietly up to the interpreter and said, very low, "I'm covering you with my revolver from inside my pocket. Don't you

stir. Is that other money going to be paid?"

The interpreter had been innocent of all knowledge of the wild work in the cabin. He stammered, "I thought by your way it was all right. Where's our man?"

"I've got him safe enough. Ask those fellows in the lighters if any of them can pay the freight for the job. If you tell them to fire, they may miss me, and I can't miss you."

No one, not even the consignee's man, had any money; the smugglers meant to trick the revenue, and the English captain as well. Hindhaugh whistled, and then roared out, "Lie down, all of you! Ram her ahead!" The hatchets went crack, crack; the steamer shuddered and plunged forward; and the lighters bumped swiftly astern.

"Over the side, you animals,

or I'll take you out to sea and drown you."

The three Spaniards rushed to the side and took flying leaps into the lighters.

Hindhaugh stooped low and ran to the companion. "Let that beggar up," he shouted.

The Scorpion scuttled on deck.

"Now, mister, I'll let you see if you'll take me in. Over you go. Over the stern with you, and mind the propeller doesn't carve you." Two shots were fired, but they went wild. The Scorpion saw the whole situation; he poised for a second on the rail, and then jumped for it, and Hindhaugh laughed loudly as his enemy came up blowing.

Jack performed a triumphal war-dance on the steamer's bridge, and the "Jenny Jones" was soon far out of pistol range.

All that night Captain Hind-

haugh did not sleep a wink. He was quite persuaded that he had acted the part of an exemplary Briton.

What is the use of belonging to the ruling race if a mere foreigner is to do as he likes with you?

But the adventurous skipper had landed himself in a pretty mess, and the full extent of his entanglement grew on him every minute.

At twelve o'clock, when the watch was relieved, Jack came aft in a state of exultation that words cannot describe. He chuckled out, "Well, sir, we've made our fortunes this time." Hindhaugh damped his spirits by saying, slowly, "Not too fast; that 'baccy's got to go overboard, my boy."

Jack's mental processes became confused. He had been measuring the cubic contents of the smuggled goods, and the thought of wasting such a gift of the gods fairly stunned him. Had it been cotton, his imagination would not have been touched. But 'baccy! And

USELESS EUSTACE

face. Fishmonger—



"Convinced now the fish is fresh, lady?"

The Things People Do

BECAUSE he didn't like smoking, Eric Lobb, of Radlett, Herts, managing director of a boot-manufacturing firm, pulled the communication cord and stopped the train when fellow travellers lit up.

Three men got into the non-smoker where Lobb was sitting. One of them was smoking, but put his pipe out when asked to do so.

The three of them sucked empty pipes—until one of them, Geoffrey Horn, of Harpenden, Herts, couldn't stand it any longer—so he lit a cigarette.

So Lobb pulled the chain. Horn was fined £2 for smoking in a non-smoking carriage, and Lobb, summoned for pulling the cord without due reason, was let off under the Probation of Offenders Act, but had to pay a guinea costs.

EVERY morning, if it's fine, George Martin, of Walton-on-Thames, jumps on his cycle and goes pushing off to work at Hampton, eight miles away. What about it?

Why, George is one over the ninety. He can remember the day when the founder of the Thornycroft shipbuilding business experimented with the first torpedo-boat in the Thames at Chiswick. George was there.

When things looked grim, after Dunkirk, Mr. Martin decided it was time he took a hand. So he wrote to the Thornycroft firm and they gave him a clerical job.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

VOW	BERKS	C
AVERAGE	TRY	
CANON	PARIS	
ALTO	COGENT	
N	MARROWS	
TIP	LET	NET
NOBLEST	E	
CASUAL	OGRE	
ENTRY	GLOOM	
LEE	EMULATE	
L	RUDDY	LAD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11							12		
13							14		
15							16		17
							18		19
20									
22		23						24	25
26							27	28	29
30							31		
32							33		
34								35	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Argot. 6 Rascal. 11 Green. 12 Stew. 13 Stand firm. 14 Entangles. 15 Return. 17 Clever. 18 Fooled. 21 Fuglist. 22 Fruit. 26 Past. 27 Notable. 30 Lanky. 31 Weight. 32 Weed. 33 Make safe. 34 Verandah. 35 Animals enclosures.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Wood-joint. 2 Part of ear. 3 Active. 4 Knob. 5 Poetic reward. 7 Agree. 8 Not whispered. 9 Glove. 10 Struck attitude. 16 State of America. 19 Injuries. 20 Legal process. 21 Boatman. 22 Darts off. 23 Black. 24 Boredom. 25 Part-songs. 28 Burst of smoke. 29 Land measure.

Good Morning

ALL BEER
AND SKITTLES



This is the skittle alley in Ye Olde White Hart inn at Newark-on-Trent. Conveniently for the players, it is situated in the cellars — where the barrels are kept. The last time we were there we enjoyed ourselves. We finished up by rolling our tankard at the nine barrels and trying to drink out of a skittle !



DONALD DUCK DISPORTS HIMSELF AMONG THE SEÑORITAS



"The bare idea," chortles Donald, "trying to keep me away from all this luscious femininity for so long ! That man Disney is nothing but a big meanie." But Donald certainly made up for lost time when he got among the girls in "The Three Caballeros." The gals think Donald is "a perfect duck."



Another scene from the Disney film — in which his cartoon characters merge naturally on the screen with the flesh and blood members of the cast. Here Donald has to compete with Joe Carioca, the garrulous parrot, for the attention of the streamlined jet-propelled bathing beauty. There's another cartoon comic—the third caballero—Panchito, the Mexican rooster, who becomes a pain in Donald's neck.

OUR ISLAND HOME
— The good earth of England rolls over behind the breasting thrust of the plough-share. Across the field the brown bands grow, as the ploughman adds another long, straight furrow to the strip he is working. The heavy Shire horses blow smoke from their nostrils on the chilling air of the autumn evening. The traces creak and groan, the brasses tinkle, and the man who guides the plough has got his pipe going nicely now.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've been among the pin-ups for years."

